

Anti-Saloon CAMPAIGN SONGS



PRICES

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REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN
CABERY, ILLINOIS

Stand By The Home.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Solo or Duet.

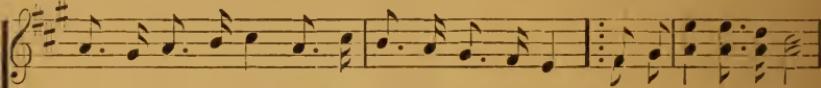
J. H. TENNEY.



1. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, And we dare not i - dle stand, While an
 2. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, For its sanc - ti - ty and peace, And we
 3. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, For the children that we love, For the
 4. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, And we pledge thereto our might, Till we



CHORUS.



e - vil so ac - curst Blights and des-o-lates the land.
 will not ground our arms Till the reign of drink shall cease. { We will stand by the home!
 land we hold so dear, For the God who reigns above. { We will stand by the home!
 crush the gi-ant wrong And enthrone the cause of right.



Stand by the home! Save it from the foe that has cursed it long;
 Stand by the home! Pledge the home pro-tec-tion from } ev'ry wrong.



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I Onward, Temperance Soldiers!

MAY 31 192

JAMES ROWE, Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers." ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



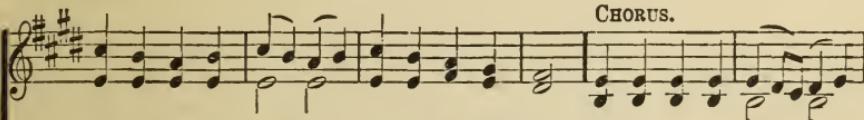
1. On-ward, temp'rance sol-diers, Bravely on-ward go; We must free our coun-try
2. On-ward, temp'rance sol-diers: Children starve and die, Mothers, loving mothers,
3. On-ward, temp'rance sol-diers; True and fearless be, Till our dear Col-um - bia



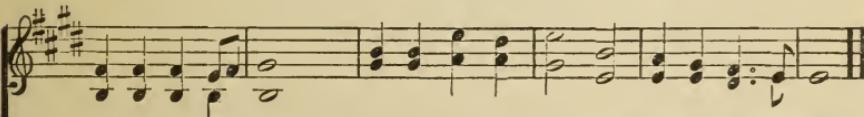
From this aw - ful foe; Let there be no quar-ter Giv - en, but, with joy,
Bruis'd and bleeding lie; "Double quick" the or - der, Onward, then, with speed;
From this curse is free, Sure-ly God will shield us, And no harm shall come;



CHORUS.

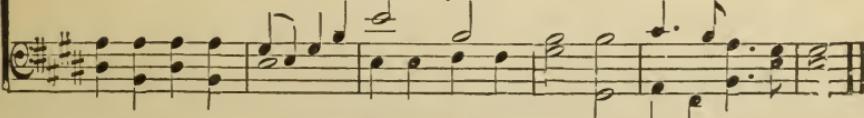


This de-stroy-ing de - mon Ut - ter - ly de-stroy.
Souls in sor-row call us, Souls de-spair-ing plead. Onward temp'rance sol-diers,
We must free our country From this monster Rum.



To the ho - ly war; Jesus Christ your Captain, Trod the way be-fore.

Jesus Christ your



Arouse Ye, Good People.

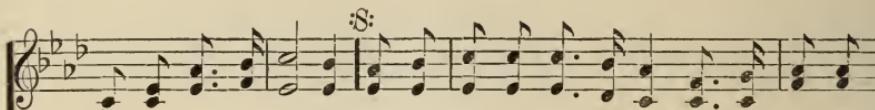
E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—"Battle Cry of Freedom."

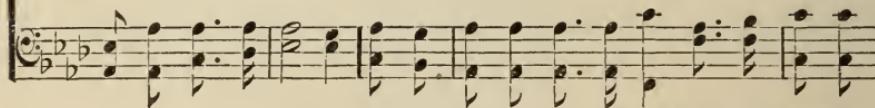
GEO. F. ROOT.



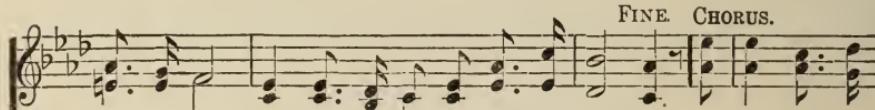
1. Are you go - ing to the polls with a bal - lot for the Right? Go in the
2. It is but a lit - tle thing you are called up-on to do, All in the
3. We can rid this fair - est land of its foul-est blot and stain, All in the



name of Truth and Freedom; Join the le-gions of re-form - ers be -neath the
 name of Truth and Freedom; Just to cast a lit - tle bal - lot to God and
 name of Truth and Freedom; We can cleanse the land of e - vil and make it



D. S.—For the bat - tle will be yours, on - ly push a-



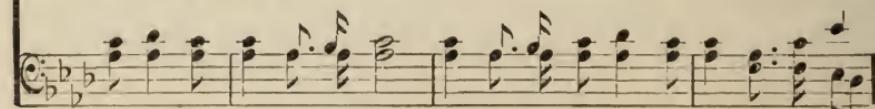
stand-ard white; Go in the name of Truth and Free-dom.
 coun - try true, All in the name of Truth and Free-dom. A -rouse ye, good
 pure a - gain, All in the name of Truth and Free-dom.



long the fight, All in the name of Truth and Free-dom.



peo-ple, a - rise in your might, Car-ry to vic-tr-y your standard so white;



Vote for Local Option.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

GEO. F. ROOT.



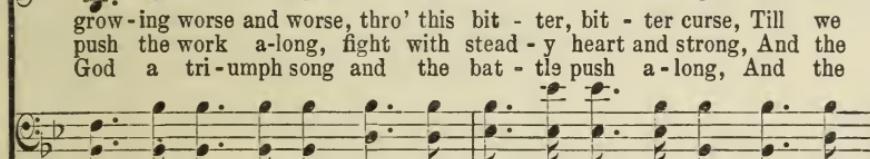
1. O the days of old are past, we are wak-ing up at last,
 2. The sa - loon men stand a - ghast while our ranks are fill - ing fast,
 3. Float your ban - ners in the breeze o - ver lands and o - ver seas,



To the per - ils that as-sailed the homes so long! Things were
 And they see the dread hand-writ - ing on the wall; Let us
 And let "Home and Na - tive Land" your mot - to be; Sing to



grow - ing worse and worse, thro' this bit - ter, bit - ter curse, Till we
 push the work a - long, fight with stead - y heart and strong, And the
 God a tri - umph song and the bat - tle push a - long, And the



D.S.-stay the aw - ful curse grow - ing ev - 'ry year the worse, For we
 CHORUS.

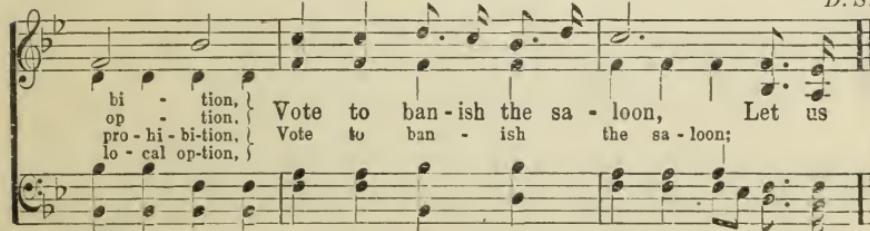


vowed to stay this cru - el, cru - el wrong.
 e - vil traf - fic ver - y soon must fall. Vote, vote, vote, for { pro - hi -
 fight will is - sue soon in vic - to - ry.



have no fur - ther use for the sa - loon.

D. S.



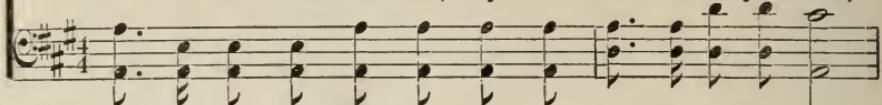
Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

Just A Little Ballot.

Rev. ELISHA H. HOFFMAN. Tune—"Marching Through Georgia." HENRY C. WORK.



1. Just a lit - tle bal - lot, boys, that a - ny hand can hold,
 2. Just a lit - tle bal - lot, boys, a piece of pa - per white,
 3. Just a lit - tle bal - lot, boys! You take it in your hand,



Just a lit - tle pa - per that you o - ver-lap and fold,
 But it has a won - drous pow'r be - cause it stands for Right;
 And re - mem-ber what it counts for home and na - tive land;

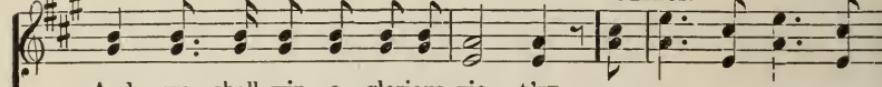


Put it in the bal - lot box as you have done of old,
 If we cast e - nough of them, the pros-pect will be bright,
 Then you put it in the box in man-hood brave and grand,



D.S.—Put your bal - lots in the box, my com-rades, one by one,

CHORUS.

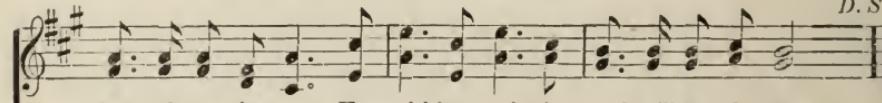


And we shall win a glorious vic - t'ry.
 For we shall win a glorious vic - t'ry. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the
 And we shall win a glorious vic - t'ry.

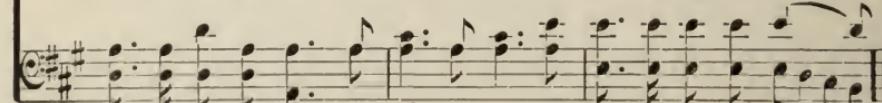


And it will mean a glorious vic - t'ry.

D. S.



bat - tle now is on; Hur-rah! hur - rah the work will soon be done;



A Stainless Banner.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—My Old Kentucky Home.

1. A stain-less flag! o'er our coun - try may it wave, O'er our coun - try, the
 2. The e - vils reign-ing with - in our bor-ders long, Let us right-eous-ly
 3. A stain-less flag o'er a peo - ple pure and true! O the pros-pect, how

land of the free; Be -neath its folds may a peo - ple pure and brave
 ban - ish a - way, And free the land from in - jus - tice and from wrong;
 glo - ri - ous and bright! For this we la - bor with hope and cour - age new,

CHORUS.

Share the bless-ings of per - fect lib - er - ty.

God of heav-en! speed on the hap - py day. May the flag of
 Sure that God is with us in the fight.

Free-dom a stain-less ban - ner be, Wav - ing o'er a land from in-

tem-per-ance and vice, From in - jus - tice and from greed ev - er free.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—"Juanita."

T. G. MAY.

1. Men of our coun-try, Hear the call for help to-day, Gird on the
 2. See how the strug-gle Rag-es all a - long the line, Your aid is
 3. Men, let us bat-tle, And the land from e - vil free, On, all u-

ar - mor, To the front a - way; There's a con - flict wag - ing,
 need - ed In the cause di - vine; Will you join the he - roes
 sit - ed For a vic - to - ry! Ma - ny hearts are plead-ing,

Of the right a-gainst the wrong, Join the no - ble he - roes,
 Brave - ly strug-gling for the right, And good serv - ice ren - der
 Plead-ing fer - vent - ly to - day, O be nerved to cour - age

CHORUS.

Help the cause a - long.

In the ear - nest fight? Cour-age, have cour-age, Lend a read - y
 In the ear - nest fray!

help - ing hand, Cour-age, have cour-age, For your coun - try stand.

No Surrender.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—“Annie Laurie.”

1. The tread of earn - est he - roes is heard through-out the land;
2. Our hosts are now u - nit - ed, in bat - tle - line ar - rayed,
3. We dare not cease the strug - gle while one sa - loon re - mains,
4. There must be no sur - rend - er un - til the goal is won;

It is the tramp of sol - diers, a brave and daunt-less band;
 And though our foes are might - y, we meet them un - a - fraid;
 Nor breathe the word “sur - rend - er,” while free - men are in chains;
 On, com-rades, with the bat - tle, and cow - ards be there none!

They gath - er in their might, to bat - tle for the right,
 The die is cast at length, we ral - ly in our strength,
 “No quar - ter,” be the cry, but dare to do and die,
 Pass on the earn - est word. each for the con - flict gird,

And the con - flict will be wag - ing till tri - umph is at hand.
 And with chal-lenge bold and earn - est we go forth un - dis-mayed.
 Till in vic - tory we are sing - ing the con - quer-ing re - frains;
 We must strug - gle as do he - roes till vic - tor - y is wor.

8 The Plea of Mothers and Children.

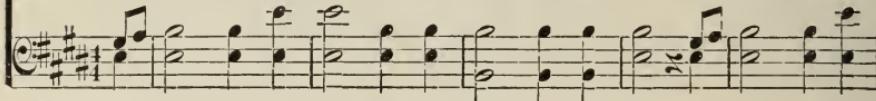
Rev E. A. HOFFMAN.

(Tune—Home, Sweet Home.)

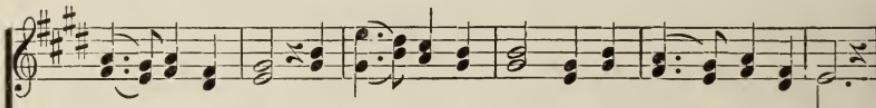
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



1. O men of our country, ye loy - al and true! Your wives and your
 2. You hold in your pow'r both our weal and our woe, You can by your
 3. Our homes are un- hap - py, our chil - dren un-fed, We suf - fer for
 4. Why should we thus suf-fer, our chil - dren and we, In this blessed



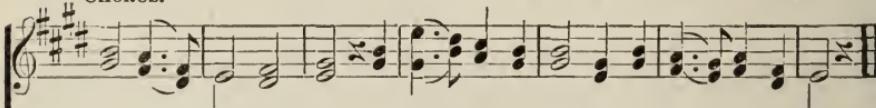
child - ren are plead - ing with you; The curse of the drink - shop we
 votes the sa - loon o - ver - throw; By all of the sor - row and
 com - fort, we suf - fer for bread; O see how in dust and in
 land of the brave and the free? O come to our re - cue and



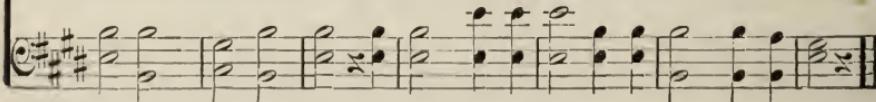
bit - ter - ly feel, And for your pro - tec-tion and help we ap-peal.
 pain that we feel, For help and pro - tec-tion to you we ap-peal.
 ash - es we keeel And, bathed in our tears, for pro - tec - tion ap-peal.
 vote for our weal! It is to God's free-men the wom - en ap-peal.



CHORUS.



Hear us, patriots leal, For help and pro-tec-tion to you we ap-peal.



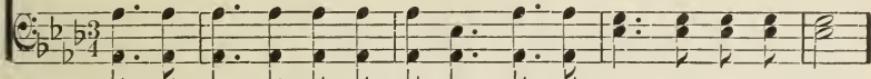
Pray On, Christian Mother.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

(SOLO.) Tune—"Vacant Chair." G. F. Root.



1. Moth-er-lips, I hear you pray-ing For your fall - en, wand'ring boy,
2. The sa - loon your boy has stol-en, Robbed him of his pur - i - ty;
3. Long this sin of drink has cursed us, And has filled the land with woe;



CHO.—*Still pray on, O Christian moth-er, God will hear your pit - eous cry;*

FINE.



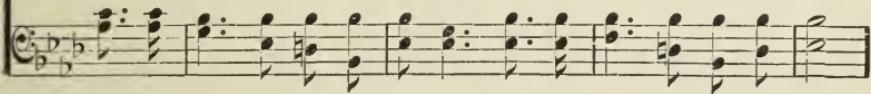
Walk-ing now in paths of e - vil, Once your pride and hope and joy.
 Took from him his no - ble manhood, Sor - row gave and mis - e - ry.
 But a bet - ter day is com-ing, Long-er it shall not be so.



Lo! a bet - ter day is dawn-ing And will greet you by and by.



In his in - fan-cy you taught him To be pure and true and right,
 But the peo - ple are a - ris - ing In their might and maj-es - ty,
 For the peo - ple have de - ter-mined On the fi - nal o - ver-throw



D. S.



But the years have bro't you sor - row And he's lost to you to - night.
 And de - clare these e - vil plac-es From the land shall banished be.
 Of the bane - ful liq - uor traf - fic, The sa - loon at last must go.



S. F. SMITH.

English.

II Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

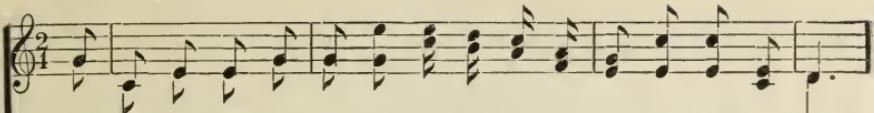
SETH C. BRACE.

BOYLSTON.

L. MASON.

Mourn for the wine - cup's fear - ful reign And the de - lud - ed throng.
 Lost by the fie - ry, madd'ning bowl, And turned to hope - less night.
 Rouse them to shun the dread - ful fall And to the ref - uge flee.
 To break the fell de - stroy - er's sway, And show his sav - ing love.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Tune—"Kingdom Coming."



1. Good peo-ple, have you heard the ti- dings As they come from far and near?
2. We look in - to the chil-dren's fac - es, And they could not bright-er be;
3. Good peo-ple all, sing hal - le - lu - jah! Put a - way the bat - tle-sword;
4. Let friend and foe - man now to - geth - er In a sol - id phalanx stand,



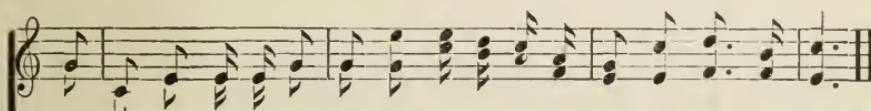
The news is glo - rious and en - thrill-ing, And it fills our heart with cheer.
 Something has happened! they are hap - py O'er the glo-rious vic - to - ry.
 The day of con - flict now is o - ver, It is time to praise the Lord.
 And do the best to keep all e - vil From our fair and glo - rious land.



CHORUS.



What means this grand "Hur - rah?" What means the bland "Ho! Ho!"



The votes are counted, we've won the bat-tle; Praise the Lord! I told you so.



No. 13. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the com-ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born across the sea; With a

trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps; I can sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment-seat; Oh, be glo-ry in His bo-som, that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He

loos'd the fateful lightning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword: His truth is marching on, read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His truth is marching on, swift my soul to answer Him! be ju-bi-lant my feet! Our God is marching on, died to make men holy, let us die to make men free: While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

(Tune—Yankee Doodle.)

National Air.



1. { We'll vote the curse of liq - uor down, The peo - ple's ru - in - a - tion;
We to the polls will ear - ly go, The friends of Lo - cal Op - tion,*
2. { 'Tis not the man of the sa - loon We temp'rance folks are af - ter;
For men who like our-selves, have souls We have a kind - ly feel - ing,
3. { Too long we have sub - mit - ted to The traf - fic's dom - i - na - tion;
The mon - ey that for harm - ful drink So long has been ex - pend - ed



We'll vote the e - vil from our town, And from our no - ble na - tion; }
 As - sured we have the peo-ple's votes To car - ry its a - dop - tion. }
 It is the traf - fic we con-demn, A rob - ber and a graf - ter; }
 But we are tired of the sa - loon, The trade in which they're dealing. }
 At last we hurl at the sa - loon Our wrath and con-dem - na - tion; }
 Shall to the hon - est business man From hence-forth be ex-tend - ed. }



CHORUS.



We've re-solved to free the town, And to free our na - tion,



From the curse that caus - es on - ly Crime and ru - in - a - tion.



(*Where the blanks occur, sing the name of your state, county or town.)
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. A MINOR.

1. Hark-en, brave cru-sad - ers, to the mes - sage cheer - ing, Temp'rance
2. To the front, cru-sad - ers, where the fight is wag - ing, For the
3. God's strong arm of jus - tice is reached forth to save us, And un-
4. Forth, O men of faith! and be ye full of cour - age, And the

waves are ris-ing round us mount-ain high; O - ver all the land sa- liquor traf - fic has been doomed to die; Gird you on the ar - mor, to the fight he sum-mons from on high; Ban - ish the sa - loon from hosts of e - vil in His strength de - fy, For the Lord Je - ho - vah

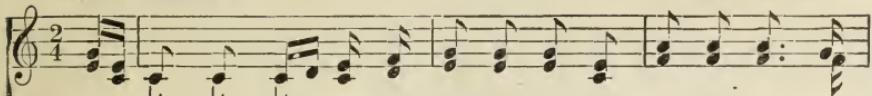
loons are dis - ap-pear-ing, Cit - ies, towns and hamlets all are go - ing dry.
and the foe en - gag-ing, Pass a-long the watchword..... go - ing dry.
the good land he gave us, And be this our watchword..... go - ing dry.
pledg-es glorious vic - t'ry; Ral-ly with the watchword..... go - ing dry.

CHORUS.

..... go - ing dry, go - ing dry, Pass a-
long the watchword go - ing dry! -word go - ing dry.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—Dixie Land.



1. { All o'er the land there's a great com-mo-tion, And the peo - ple
They've seen e-nough of its shame and sor-row, And re-solved that
2. { North, south, east, west, there is strong con-vic-tion The best cure would
At this great sin peo - ple have been wink-ing, Now they've done some
3. { With - in our own wide ex - tend - ed bor-ders Have gone forth the
The cry of each no - ble son and daugh-ter Is to give the



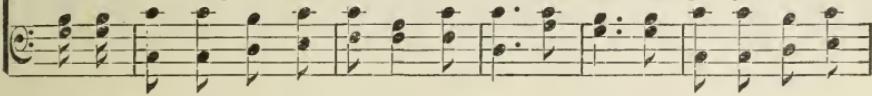
have the no - tion The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go; }
with the morrow The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }
be e - vic - tion The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go; }
strenuous thinking, The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }
peo - ple's or-ders, The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go; }
foe "No quarter," The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }



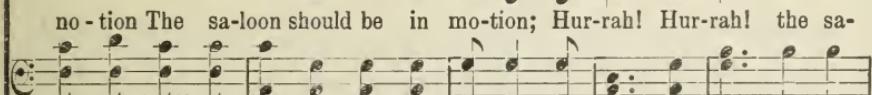
CHORUS.



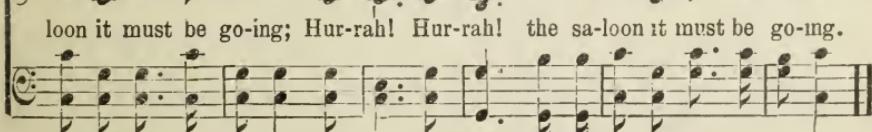
There's a won - der - ful com-mo-tion, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The peo-ple have the



no - tion The sa-loon should be in mo-tion; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the sa-



loon it must be go-ing; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the sa-loon it must be go-ing.

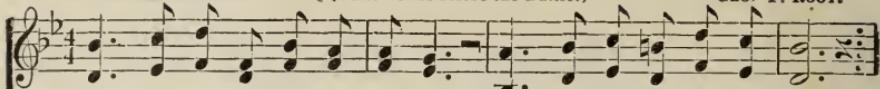


17 Our Trust is in the God of Battles.

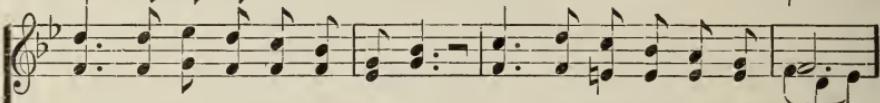
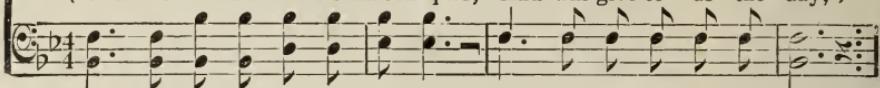
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

(Tune—Just before the Battle.)

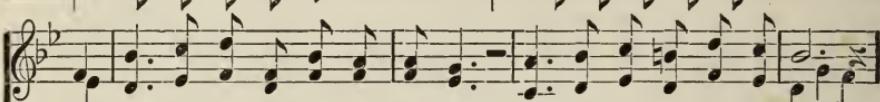
GEO. F. ROOT.



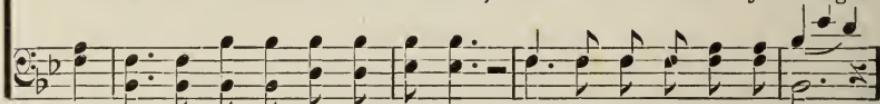
1. { As we go to bat-tle, com-rades, Let us sing an-oth-er song, }
That will nerve to faith and courage In the struggle with the wrong; }
2. { Earn-est-ly the fight is wag-ing All a - long the line to - day; }
Let us all, the foe en - gag-ing, Act as he-ros in the fray; }
3. { Vic - to - ry will crown our banners In the hour not far a - way; }
God has willed that we shall con-quer, And will give to us the day; }



Earn - est we must be and loy - al, To our country brave and true;
Cow - ards all around are falt'ring, Men who fear to dare and do,
Ev - 'ry man per-form his du - ty, And the bat - tle-line pur - sue;



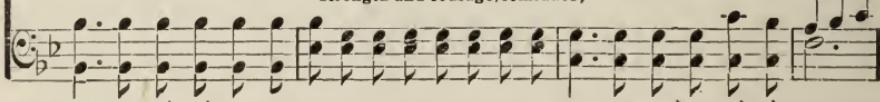
Our trust is in the God of bat - tles, He will see us safe-ly through.
But we will trust the God of bat - tles, He will see us safe-ly through.
Our trust is in the Lord Je - ho - vah, He will see us safe-ly through.



CHORUS.



Look to God for strength and courage, At his throne your faith renew;
strength and courage, comrades,

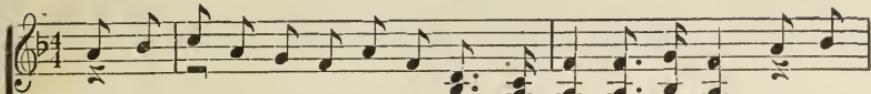


Our trust is in the God of battles, He will see us safely through.
in the God of battles,



E. A. HOFFMAN.

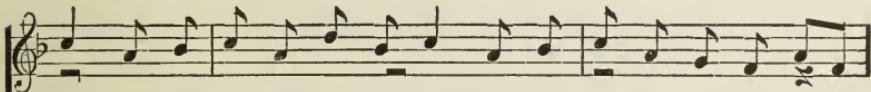
(Tune—Baby Mine.)



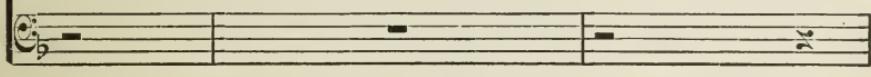
1. Said a man the oth - er day a - down in old Ten - nes - see, "I am
2. They have banished the sa - loon a - down in old Ten - nes - see; It has
3. Ten-nes-see has closed her barrooms, So can we, so can we, Leaves no
4. O your vict'ry is in - spir-ing, Ten - nes - see, Ten - nes - see! You have



go - ing far a - way from my be - loved Ten-nes-see, It is hard to say good-
proved a wondrous boon to folks in old Ten-nes-see, Lower tax - es, emp-ty
dramshops as her heirlooms, Nor should we, nor should we; We must all to - geth-er
shown a zeal un - tir - ing, So will we, so will we, The sa - loon at last must



by, But you know the rea - son why, Things are get - ting far too dry
jails, Business bet - ter, lar - ger sales, Law and or - der now pre - vail
stand, Take the bal - lot in the hand, Vote the traf - fic from the land
go With its crime and with its woe; God in heav - en de - crees it so,



down in old Ten - nes - see, O, I find it ve - ry dry in Ten-nes - see!
down in old Ten - nes - see, Law and or - der now prevail in Ten-nes - see.
as in old Ten - nes - see, Vote the traf - fic from the land, so must we.
So do we, so do we, God in heav'n de - crees it so, so do we.



The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet-sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on. A-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure, Go, buck-le on the ar - mor
 prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - ri-ous name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv - en you, And in his strength un - to the end en-dure.
 land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, ... With ar - mor gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
 wear - y; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be
 for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
 Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 20.

Stand Up for Jesus.

Tune.—WEBB. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD.

1 2 FINE.

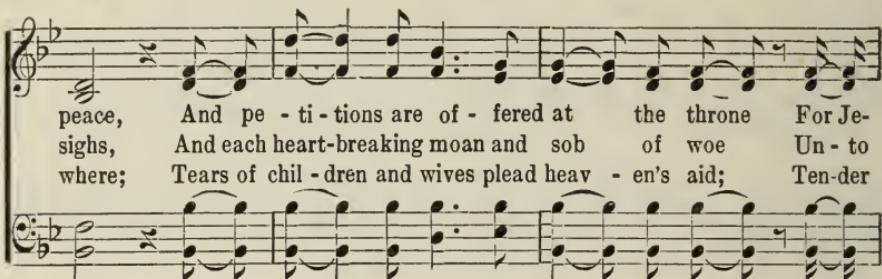
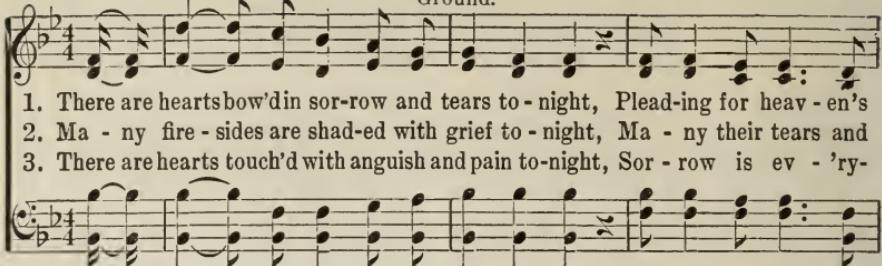
I. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not Omit. . . } suf - fer loss;
 D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
 2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the Omit. . . } victor's song;
 D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e- ter-nal-ly.

D. C.

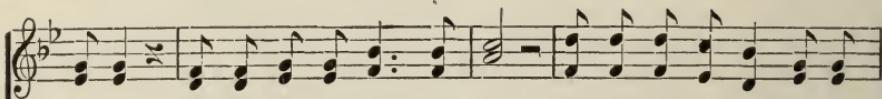
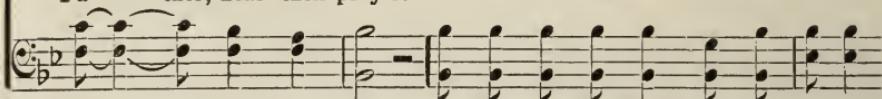
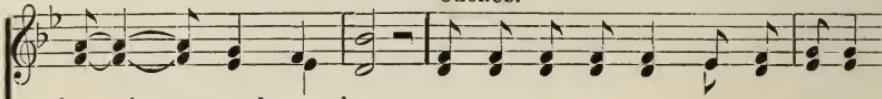
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

Praying To-Night.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Tune—“Tenting On The Old Camp Ground.” WALTER KITTREDGE.



CHORUS.



Praying To-Night.

Last time ppp

Pray-ing for the scourge to cease.
[Omit.....] Pray-ing God to send re - lease.

22 Drive the Saloon Away.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. What stir is this through-out the land? What does the tu - mult mean?
2. Each face is res - o - lute and firm, Each heart is brave and true;
3. All have grown wea - ry of the curse That ruled the land so long,

What men of earn - est face are these Who ev - 'ry-where are seen?
They look like men of pur - pose strong, Like men of cour - age, too.
And have re-solved to put a - way This great and cru - el wrong.

CHORUS.

These are the hosts of Tem - per-ance, Con - tend-ing in the fray To

close for - ev - er the sa - loon, And drive the drink a - way.

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Victory Bells.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing o-ver the land we love, Ju - bi-lant voic - es
 2. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing, hast-en-ing on the hour, Bring-ing a glad de -
 3. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing!ral-ly to help the right! Work till the stars of

sing - ing prais - es to God a - bove; Vig - i-lant hosts are marching
 liv - rance, crush-ing the li - quor pow'r; Up, and be do - ing, com-rades,
 free - dom shine with a clear - er light; "Al - co-hol must go un - der!"

for - ward to meet the foe, Fighting the li - quor traf - fic to o - ver-throw.
 bat - tling a - gainst the wrong, Working for pro - hi - bi - tion with mar - tial song!
 ech - oes from vale to hill; States in - to lines are forming—we'll conquer still.

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry bells, vic-to-ry bells ringing all o-ver the land, Vic-to-ry bells,
 ring - ing o-ver the land,

vic-to - ry-bells, hailing a tri-umph grand; Pro-hi - bi - tion! pro-hi - bi - tion!
 hail - ing a tri-umph grand;

shout the battle cry! Pro-hi - bi - tion! pro-hi - bi - tion! vic-to-ry draw - eth nigh!

Words Arr. by E. A. HOFFMAN. (Tune—Wearing of the Green.)



1. { O my comrades dear, we soon shall hear the good news go-ing round,
Let us do our part to ush - er in this day of pure de-light
2. { No, it can-not be the de-mon rum shall al - ways rule the land;
The good peo-ple who love righteou-sness will push a - long the fight
3. { The sa - loon has tried to stem the tide that's roll-ing o'er the land,
But their ef - forts will be fruit-less for the Lord is in the fight,
4. { Lo! our cause is just, in God we trust, his chos-en time is here,
And no more up - on our hearts and homes will weigh this aw-ful blight,

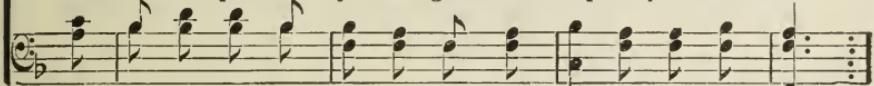


D.C.—Help to make the map all white, Work to make the map all white,

FINE.



No more in this fair land of ours shall the sa - loon be found;
And work to-ge-th - er heart and hand to make the map all white.
No, God will mete out jus - tice and re - veal his might - y hand;
And drive the bane - ful e - vil out and make the map all white.
The brewery and dis - till - er - y are work-ing hand in hand,
And he will be with those who strive to make the map all white.
He has de - creed that from our land sa - loons shall dis - ap - pear,
With heart-felt praise our eyes will gaze on a map of pur - est white.

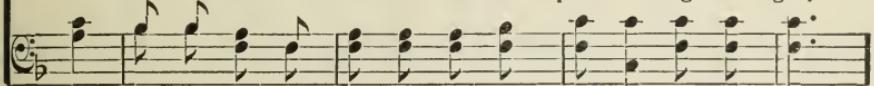


God speaks the doom of the sa - loon, O make the map all white!

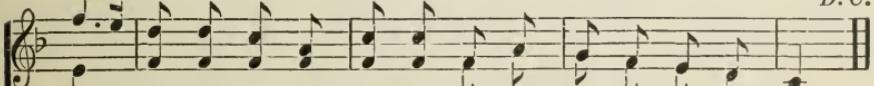
CHORUS.



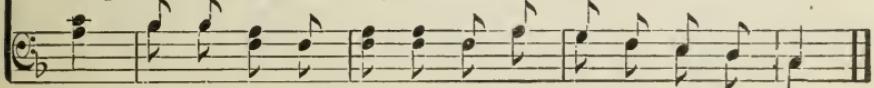
O stand for Home and Native Land and push a - long the fight,



D. C.



Pledge heart and hand and all your strength in the de-fense of Right!



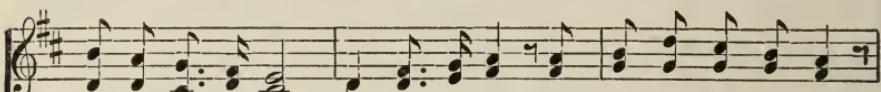
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

(Tune—Old Black Joe.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Patient and long we wait-ed for the day When the sa-loons should
 2. Long have we prayed with fa-vor un-to God Swift-ly to speak with
 3. Now at the last in an-swer to our pray'r God moves among the



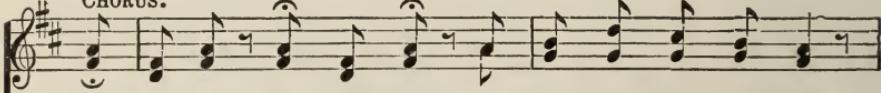
all be wiped a-way, When all this woe and drunk-en-ness should cease,
 sword and chast'ning rod, To bare his arm and in his wrath to come
 peo-ple ev'-ry-where, Strength'ning their hearts for righteousness to stand,



And all the homes with-in our bor-ders should have peace.
 And strike with death this cru-el foe of ev'-ry home.
 And drive this e-vil thing from our be-lov-ed land.



CHORUS.



'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing, The doom of the sa-loon;

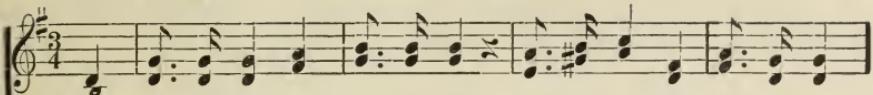


See God's hand-writ-ing on the wall, It must die soon.

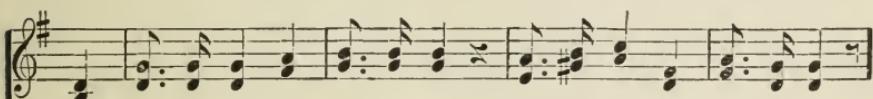
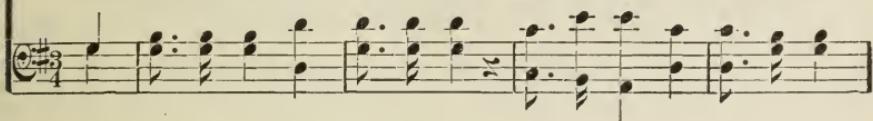


Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune, Maryland, my Maryland.



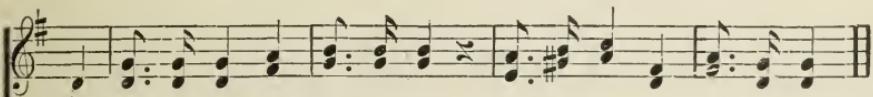
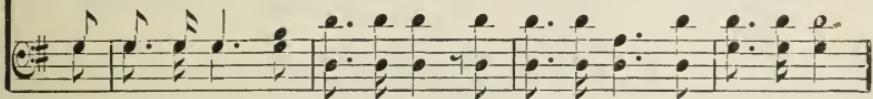
1. Wher-e'er we go the peo - ple say, What's the news? O, what's the news?
2. The world is ask - ing far and near, What's the news? O, what's the news?
3. The temp'rance arm-ies march a-long, That's the news? O ,that's the news?



What are the ti - dings of the day? What's the news? O, what's the news?
 What brings the message, hope and cheer? What's the news? O, what's the news?
 They mus-ter millions, brave and strong, That's the news? O, that's the news?



O, we have glad-some news to tell, The cause of Right is go - ing well,
 We ti-dings bring of joy and cheer, The hour of tri - umph now is near,
 Their hearts are set on vic - to - ry, A tri-umph that com-plete will be,



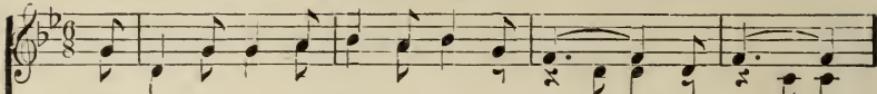
And wrong now hears its fune-ral knell, That's the news, O that's the news?
 The curse of drink must dis - ap-pear, That's the news, O that's the news?
 Then will they shout their ju - bi - lee, That's the news, O that's the news?



The Skies are Bright.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

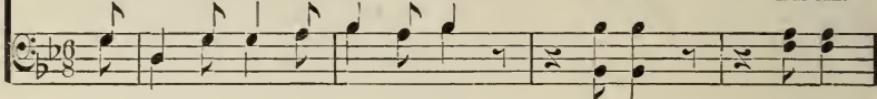
Tune—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."



1. The skies are ver - y bright at last, Hur - rah!.... Hur - rah!....
2. We knew when peo-ple came to think,Hur - rah!.... Hur - rah!....
3. This en - e - my of land and home,Hur - rah!.... Hur - rah!....
4. Then one more song of hope and cheer, Hur - rah!.... Hur - rah!....

Hur-rah!

Hur-rah!



The hour of doubt is o - ver-past, Hur-rah!.... Hur - rah!....
 They would de-stroy the curse of drink, Hur-rah!.... Hur - rah!....
 Will at the last be o - ver-come, Hur-rah!.... Hur - rah!....
 The bet - ter day is draw-ing near, Hur-rah!.... Hur - rah!....

Hur-rah!

Hur-rah!



We have the votes to win the day, The folks have come to
 They've done some thinking, sure, of late, And learned the e - vil
 Its death is up in heav'n de-creed, And lo - cal op - tion
 For glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry we pray, We'll win the fight, it



think our way, They will cast their votes to put the sa - loon a - way.
 thing to hate, And to drive it out with bal-lots they on - ly wait.
 will suc - ceed, And to cast their votes is all that the peo - ple need.
 looks that way, In a few more days we'll put the sa - loon a - way.



28 Business for the King.

Tune—The King's Business.

1 In columns brave and strong, united heart and hand
To drive the curse of drink from our beloved land,
We proudly march along at God's supreme command,
This is our business for the King.

CHO.—This is the work we have in hand,
To blot the curse from our dear land,
The new millennium to every home to bring,
This is our business for the King.

2 The curse has shadowed long the banner of the free,
And it is time to strike for home and liberty;
To battle, friends of right, haste on the jubilee,
This is the business of the King.

3 The men by drink enslaved to us for help appeal,
And for the sorrowing deep sympathy we feel;
To pray for victory before the throne we kneel,
This is the business for the King.

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29 Battling for God and Home.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune 2—Battle Cry of Freedom.

1 Have you heard the latest news from the Temperance Crusade,
Battling for God and home and country?
Do you know that many millions are in its lines arrayed,
Battling for God and home and country.

CHO.—For God, Home and Country we join hand in hand,
For God, Home and Country united we stand;
And we'll push the conflict on until victory is won,
Battling for God, and Home, and Country.

2 O the prospect is inspiring, a triumph is in sight,
Battling for God and Home and Country;
All the brave and good and true are enlisting for the right,
Battling for God and Home and Country.

3 Take your places in the ranks 'neath the banner of the free,
Battling for God and Home and Country;
Stand upon the winning side, share the coming victory,
Battling for God and Home and Country.

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30 Hurrah! The Victory Is Won.

Tune 4—Marching Through Georgia.

1 Let us join together in the singing of a song,
And go forth in solid rank to stay a cruel wrong
Which has desolated homes of millions very long,
Chanting glory, hallelujah!

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! the victory is won!
Hurrah! hurrah! the glory is begun!
We need but cast our ballots and the splendid work is done.
Praise God! Glory, hallelujah!

2 Sing your hallelujah for the triumph of the right,
Lift your heart to God whose arm has helped us in the fight;
Hearts with hope are throbbing and the skies are growing bright,
Sing a happy hallelujah!

3 Victory is dawning and the people may rejoice,
Praise is very seemly for each human heart and voice:
Let our hearts be lifted up in strains exalted, choice,
And sing glory, hallelujah!

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31 Our Jubilee Song.

Tune—The Glory Song.

1 When the good people who stand for the right
Shall have arisen in all of their might,
And put this foe of the fireside to flight,
We will unite in a grand Jubilee.

CHO.—O that will be our Jubilee,
Our Jubilee, our Jubilee,
When from this evil our land shall be free,
We will unite in a grand Jubilee.

2 When all the wives who have suffered so long
Sorrow and poverty, anguish and wrong,
Shall have found freedom and gladness and song,
We will unite in a grand Jubilee.

3 When all the children are saved from the woe
Caused by the demon of drink here below,
And each saloon in the land has to go,
We will unite in a grand Jubilee.

4 When the dark crime that has bowed us in shame,
And has dishonored our country's fair name,
Shall be cast out 'mid the people's acclaim,
We will unite in a grand Jubilee.

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Vote It Out.

Tune 26—Maryland, My Maryland.

1 What shall we do with the saloon?
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out;
 The evil thing must perish soon,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out;
 So great a wrong should never stand
 A single day in this fair land,
 The home of freemen brave and grand,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out.

2 This is what we propose to do,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out,
 For help we must depend on you,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out.
 The homes have suffered much and long,
 Through this unjust and cruel wrong,
 And now, O patriots, true and strong,
 Vote it out, yes, vote it out.

3 The signs of victory are bright,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out;
 The wrong cannot withstand the right,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out;
 Why shall we longer then delay?
 The curse should not remain a day,
 An earnest fight will win the day,
 Vote it out, we'll vote it out.

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33 Rally, Freemen!

W. W. PINSAR.

Tune 13—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1 O my comrades, in this conflict
 Of the right against the wrong,
 To the battle of the ballots
 Come with shouting and with song;
 And this cry shall be our slogan
 As the legions march along,
 A victory is at hand!

CHO.—Rally, rally, O ye freemen!
 Rally, rally, O ye freemen!
 Rally, rally, O ye freemen!
 For victory is at hand.

2 From the silence and the shadows
 Where our mothers weep and pray,
 With their patient hands uplifted
 'Gainst the woe they cannot stay,
 We have heard a voice entreating us
 To sweep the curse away,
 And victory is at hand.

3 Hear the children cry for pity
 From the cruel heart of greed,
 See them trampled into silence
 By the monster while they plead;
 O be quick, my patriot brothers,
 And unto the rescue speed,
 The victory is at hand!

34 Cast Your Ballots.

Tune—Count Your Blessings.

1 Would you see the dawning of a better day?
 Would you see the liquor traffic put away?
 All can be accomplished, and without delay;
 Vote for local option on election day.

CHO.—Cast your (little) ballots, cast them one by one;
 Cast your ballots, and it will be done;
 Cast your ballots, to the polls away,
 Vote for local option on election day.

2 Would you have the misery and crime decrease?
 Would you have the cruel reign of evil cease?
 You can help to banish the saloons away,
 Vote for local option on election day.

3 By the moral wreckage of the drunkard's life,
 By the woes and sorrows of the drunkard's wife,
 By the sighs of children who for succor pray,
 Vote for local option on election day.

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35 Are You in the Ranks?

Tune 13—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1 Do you hear the songs of children in the valleys, on the hills,
 And the tones of men and women louder than a thousand rills?
 O, their battle cry of freedom every heart with rapture thrills,
 For God is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

2 Everywhere there is a stir among the legions of the free,
 Who have vowed that from intemperance our land shall rescued be;
 And they march in solid column singing freedom's jubilee,
 While God is marching on.

3 Are you in the ranks, a soldier, with your shield and armor on?
 Are you consecrated to the work so valiantly begun?
 Will you fight beneath the colors till the victory is won?
 Our God is marching on.

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36 The Conflict Is Past.

Tune 3—Tramp, tramp, tramp.

1 O the conflict now is past,
 We have gained the day at last,
 And we celebrate a glorious victory;
 Let us heartily rejoice,
 And with thankful heart and voice
 Praise the Lord whose arm has made His people free.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah
 For the glorious victory!
 By a loyal people's votes
 Now the flag of freedom floats
 O'er a nation that is honored, pure and free.

2 All the skirmishing is done,
 And the victory is won,
 And a million homes with happiness are bright;
 All the sorrowing is o'er,
 Drink will crush their lives no more,
 Praise the Lord for giving triumph to the Right.

3 We at last have gained the day,
 It could go no other way.
 God had waited long for this auspicious hour;
 He was ready long ago,
 We to follow on were slow,
 Now our God has shown His hand of wondrous power.

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37 Happy Tonight.

Tune 21—Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 Many happy hearts are rejoicing tonight,
Right has gained a victory;
Many hearts are glad o'er the triumph won,
To God the glory be.

CHO.—Happy tonight, happy tonight,
Happy o'er the victory;
Happy tonight, happy tonight,
To the Lord the glory be.

2 Long the bitter curse of intemperance,
Filled the land with misery;
Wrong has been assailed and we have prevailed,
To God the glory be.

3 O ye freemen, true, who have won the fight,
Ye have made the people free;
Lay aside the sword, you have your reward,
To God the glory be.

38 We Have the Votes.

Tune 27—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

1 Rejoice, ye patriots, everywhere, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The ring of victory's in the air, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The hosts are lined up for the fray,
And ready for election day,
An they have the votes to put the saloons away.

2 The hearts of millions will be glad, Hurrah! Hurrah!
No more will drunkard's wives be sad, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The day of our release will come,
A day of blessing for each home,
For we have the votes the evil to overcome.

3 At last will end the misery, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
At last will dawn the victory, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
We've waited long for this glad day,
With courage, faith, and hope alway,
Now we have the votes, the evil must pass away.

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41

Vote for Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 When you cast your ballot, father, won't you think of me?
Won't you vote to make the town from liquor-selling free?
Save me from the drink-curse, father, heed my fervent plea
When you are casting your ballot.

CHO.—Vote no! vote no! no license for our town;
Vote no! vote no! and put the traffic down;
Will you think of me, my father, will you vote for me
When you are casting your ballot?

2 O how very sad and grieved your loving heart would be
If the traffic in our town a drunkard made of me!
You can save me from a life of shame and misery
When you are casting your ballot.

3 Do not vote for the saloon and tempt your boy to wrong;
Save me from the danger, the enticements are so strong;
Vote for *prohibition and so help your boy along
When you are casting your ballot.

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39 O Rouse Ye, Christian Workers.

ANNIE J. HAWKS.

Tune 20—Stand Up for Jesus.

1 O rouse ye, Christian workers, come help us one and all!
Why longer do you tarry? O hear ye not the call?
Then sound it loud and louder, swell high the clarion notes,
Till from each Christian household an answering echo floats.

2 This wave the Lord upholdeth, seek not to stay the tide,
The word that He upholdeth for ever shall abide;
It is the Lord who calleth; the victory shall be won
By faith and prayer, the armor He bids you now put on.

3 O will you longer tarry just at the outside gate,
While sorrowing hearts in silence for their deliverance wait?
Come, sisters, to the rescue, come, brothers, close the ranks,
In God's own time we'll conquer and at His feet give thanks.

40 The Looked For Day.

Tune—Sweet By and By.

1 O, an hour will be coming at last,
A glorious, a long-looked-for day,
When the traffic in drink will be past,
For the people will vote it away.

CHO.—O the sweet by and by!
We shall welcome the beautiful day:
O the sweet by and by,
When the traffic is voted away!

2 Then the prisons will close every door,
And the poor-houses tenantless stand.
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

3 When the church and the state shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
Then will praises ascend to the skies
For the triumph of Justice and Right.

Tune 4—Marching Through Georgia.

42 Unfurl the Temperance Banner.

Tune 20—Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Unfurl the Temperance banner
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold;
O, let the cheering story
In ev'ry ear be told!

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In misery and pain,
But wife and children cherish
And grace his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and ev'ry land.
And thousands now are turning
To join our temperance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long, its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

43 Strike the Blow.

Tune 27—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

1 'Tis settled—the saloon must go,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We've vowed its utter overthrow,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The clock of God has struck the hour,
His arm has nerve'd our own with pow'r,
We will strike the blow,
And then the saloon must go.

2 Our God is with us in the fight,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We know it will be settled right,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The clouds have long been gath'ring
strength.
And empty out their wrath at length;
We will strike the blow,
And then the saloon must go.

3 Recruits are filling up the ranks,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For this to God we render thanks,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
If we but push the battle on
A noble vict'ry will be won;
Let us strike the blow
And then the saloon must go.

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44 Press the Conflict.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Tune 9—Vacant Chair.

1 Press the conflict, press the conflict, raise the noble standard high,
Ev'ry lover of his country rally to the battle cry;
Take the weapons for the warfare, rub the rusty armour bright,
Gird the sword and shield upon you and be ready for the fight.

CHO.—Rally men, and pass the watchword all along the line to-day,
Ev'ry patriot do his duty, victory will come our way.

2 Press the conflict, press it bravely, for the hosts of sin are strong,
Strike for God and Home and Country and the fight will not be long;
Lo! before these earnest legions powers of darkness all must flee,
Raise your brawny arms, ye freeman, yours will be the victory.

3 Press the conflict, press it firmly, and for faith and courage pray,
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness God will need strong arms to-day;
Dare to strike a blow for Freedom, dare to battle for the Right,
And the God of many triumphs will be with you in the fight.

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45 A Triumph Hymn.

BY S. B. McMANUS.

Tune 13—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1 What a hallelujah chorus shall go ringing through the land,
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the North to Southern strand,
And the mountains they shall shout it over dales and desert sands,
Saloons shall be no more.

CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah, saloons shall be no more.

2 Then no more the drunkard's hand shall smite the ones he loves the best,
Then no more the babe shall die of want upon the mother's breast,
Then no more the drunkard, trembling, stand a murderer confessed,
Saloons shall be no more.

3 O ye men and women, work and pray that soon the day may come!
O be up and doing with a zeal and stand not idle, dumb!
Work that this republic may be rescued from the curse of rum,
Saloons shall be no more.

46 Pass the News Along.

Tune 26—Maryland, My Maryland.

1 The days are full of joy and cheer,
Pass the glorious news along;
The hour of victory is near,
Pass the glorious news along;
The hard campaign will soon be past,
The winning ballots will be cast,
The battle will be ours at last,
Pass the glorious news along.

2 Our cause is gaining volunteers,

Pass the happy news along;
They join the ranks with rousing
cheers,
Pass the happy news along;
With faith and courage moves our
band,
Inspired with purpose holy, grand,
To drive saloons from out the land,
Pass the happy news along.

3 The outlook brighter grows each day, Pass the splendid news along; The tide is turning now our way, Pass the splendid news along; The arm of God has been made bare, The cry of victory fills the air, And pray'r is offered everywhere, Pass the splendid news along.

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47 Count on Me.

Tune 9—Vacant Chair.

1 Friends, be brave and true and hopeful,
Look for glorious victory;
You can count upon a ballot
For your holy cause from me.
I have well and long considered
What a good man ought to do,
And at last I have decided
I will cast my lot with you.

CHO.—*First four lines of the first verse.*

2 You have plead with me, my neighbors,
Loyally to fall in line
With the millions who are battling
'Gainst the rum-seller's combine;
And I want to tell you, comrades,
That the die has now been cast,
And that you can count upon me
To be with you to the last.

3 I have long been hesitating
On which side to take my stand,
Whether with the friends of temperance
Or with the saloonist's band.
But I cannot any longer
Stand against the cause of Right;
You can count upon my ballot
And my help to win the fight.

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Special W. C. T. U. Songs, Selected by Mrs. Emily M. Hill, State Musical Director, Ill., W. C. T. U.

48 The State Is Going Dry.

Tune 15—Bringing in the Sheaves.

1 The liquor camp is routed,
The righteous are pursuing,
Praise the God of battles, shout the
joyful cry;
Volunteer for service,
Forward in the conflict,
Pass along the watchword—the
State is going dry.

CHO.—The State is going dry,
Pass along the watchword—the
State is going dry.

2 Prohibition's coming,

A mighty tide is rising,
Forty million voices echo back the
cry;
Crush the liquor tyrant,
Down with rum forever,
Pass along the watchword—the
State is going dry.

49 Our Country for the World.

DENIS WORTMAN, D. D.

Tune 22—Auld Lang Syne.

1 Our Country for the World! we sing,
But in no worldly way;
Our Country to the Lord we bring,
And for her fervent pray;
God make her true; God make her
pure;
God make her wise and good;
And through her may the Christ make
sure
Man's world-wide Brotherhood.

CHO.—America! America!
'Gainst wrong thy might be
hurled;
For thee we lift our loud huzza!
Our Country for the World!

2 O, broader than her wide domains
Be her designs divine!
And richer than her golden veins
Her charities benign;
Firmer than buttressed mountain-tower
Her mighty faith in Thee;
Her triumphs nobler through Thy
power,
Than gain on land or sea!

3 Great God, our Country for the World,
And all the World for Thee!
Christ's cross be o'er all lands unfurled
In high expectancy!
Fair day of God, speed on, speed on!
Come truth and peace and love,
Till all below for Him be won
Who reigns o'er realms above.

50 W. C. T. U. Rally Song.

Tune 14—Yankee Doodle.

1 We are the W. C. T. U.,
We have a glorious mission,
Our Leader is the Lord of Hosts,
Our goal is Prohibition.

CHO.—Prohibition's on the way,
Let the drums be drumming;
God is with us and we'll win,
For Prohibition's coming.

2 Without the ballot we have left
But little ammunition,
But we will sing and work and pray
To hasten Prohibition.

3 A crucial hour has come at last,
And all must make decision
To rally with the liquor force
Or stand for Prohibition.

4 O, men who love your country well,
Her weal your high ambition,
Give heart and hand to aid the cause
And vote for Prohibition.
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51 Scientific Temperance Song.

MISS MARIE C. BREHM, by per.

Tune 18—Baby Mine.

(For other states sing "State of Mine.")

1 From thy schools o'er all the state,
Illinois, Illinois.
Children, will decide thy fate,
Illinois, Illinois.
And they want to know full well
All the truth there is to tell,
How to banish bar and still,
Illinois, Illinois.
How to banish bar and still,
Illinois.

2 Help thy teachers to awake,
Illinois, Illinois.
Show to them much is at stake,
Illinois, Illinois.

Temperance laws and S. T. I.
Make all doubt and error fly,
Rally, rally to the cry,
Illinois, Illinois
Rally, rally to the cry,
Illinois.

3 Teach the truth to all creation,
Illinois, Illinois.
And thus help to save the nation,
Illinois, Illinois.
From King Alcohol's dread reign,
From the sin and from the shame
That abide in his domain,
Illinois, Illinois.
That abide in his domain,
Illinois.

4 Science tells the wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois.
How to save thy name and glory,
Illinois, Illinois.
And the star of hope doth shine
O'er the school house all the time,
Get thy children into line,
Illinois, Illinois.
Get thy children into line,
Illinois.

5 From thy schools come girls and boys,
Illinois, Illinois.
Full of life and full of noise,
Illinois, Illinois.
And they want to know full well
All the truth there is to tell,
How to banish bar and still,
Illinois, Illinois.
How to banish bar and still,
Illinois.

52 The Ribbon White.

MRS. CATHARINE LENT STEVENSON, by per. Tune 25—Old Black Joe.

1 All round the world the ribbon white is twined,
All round the world the glorious light has shined,
All round the world our cause has right of way,
We'll raise the anthem swell of vict'ry some glad day.

CHC.—It's coming, it's coming, the morn for which we pray.
We'll take the world for Christ's own kingdom some glad day.

2 All round the world where sounds the note of woe,
There in God's strength our ribbon white shall go;
Emblem of peace, of purity's bright day,
'Twill bind our sin-stained earth to heaven some glad day.

3 All round the world hosannas yet shall ring,
All lands and climes the Savior's praise shall sing;
No jarring note shall mar that rapturous lay,
'Twill rise from all the sin-stained nations some glad day.

53 White Ribbon Rally Song.

Tune 13—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1 From the homeland to the far-land, from the captive to the throng,
Wherever we are needed to uplift a soul from wrong,
'Tis our country and our kindred, to one Father we belong,
And reach a helping hand.

CHO.—Wind the ribbon round the nations.
Wind the ribbon round the nations,
Wind the ribbon round the nations,
The nations of our God.

2 While the homes of earth are darkened and the strong men fall as prey,
While the women toil in anguish and the little children stray,
There's a voice—who has not heard it calling to us night and day,
"Reach out the helping hand."

3. See! our banner waves, the whitest that has ever swept the blue,
And it goes before a willing host to service kind and true,
And our leaders all are faithful, comrade, here's the place for you
To reach the helping hand.

54 Crusade Battle Hymn.

EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

Tune 13—Battle Hymn of Republic.

1 On the plains for bloodless battle, they are gathering true and strong,
All the hero-hearted women, who have wept in silence long,
At the terrible oncoming of this raven-winged wrong;
Now God is leading on.

CHO.—Glory, Hallelujah! Our God is leading on.

2 They will pierce the bending heavens with united prayers and cries,
Till the strongholds shall be shaken, and the foe defeated lies,
Who has slain his many thousands of the strong ones and the wise,
For God will lead them on!

3 They have looked to law's enforcement for the help that never came,
Now the Lord hath surely kindled in their hearts undying flame,
And relying on His Spirit they shall conquer in His name,
For He is leading on!

4 For the future of their dear ones, for their country's power and pride,
Onward moved by bitter memories of the past, whose pains abide,
They are working, weeping, praying, in their weakness side by side,
For God is leading on!

55 Crusade Glory Song.

By ANTOINETTE A. HAWLEY, by per.

Tune—Glory Song.

1 When long ago, in the snow and the sleet.
Womanhood knelt in the pitiless street;
Out of that agony, out of defeat,
Blossomed a glory for you and for me.

CHO.—Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for you, glory for me;
When this dear land of the white-ribbon band
Strikes off Rum's chain, shouting,
"Glory, I'm free!"

2 Far sped the seed of that wonderful flower,
Telling the world of its heavenly dower;
God, in the germ, was its hiding of power,
Sinking its glory with you and with me.

3 Hands all electric with impulse divine,
Now span the globe with a white-ribbon line;
Conquer we must, for the cross is our sign,
Gleaming with glory for you and for me.

4 When every home is protected and sweet;
When our beloved are safe on the street;
When the saloon is an outlaw complete;
That will be glory for you and for me.

56 Vote Them Out.

MRS. ETTA ROOT EDWARDS, by per.
Tune—Pass It On.

1 Are you tired of these saloons?
Vote them out, vote them out.
Don't you like them near your homes?
Vote them out, vote them out.
If you leave them they will grow
Multiply your crime and woe,
If you say so they must go,
Vote them out, vote them out.

CHO.—Vote them out, vote them out,
They have cursed us long enough,
Vote them out.
They have been our nation's shame,
But they shall not long remain,
For we've found out who's to blame,
Vote them out, vote them out.

2 Have you raised an extra boy?
Vote them out, vote them out,
For the traffic to destroy?
Vote them out, vote them out,
We must give one out of five
Or the business cannot thrive.
Will you make the sacrifice?
Vote them out, vote them out.

3 Do you love the flag so true?
Vote them out, vote them out,
Sacred red and white and blue?
Vote them out, vote them out,
It was never meant to float
O'er saloon and whisky bloat,
Won't you stop it by your vote?
Vote them out, vote them out.

57 Out for Prohibition.

By FANNIE B. DAMON.

Tune 16—Dixie.

1 Quit your ease, forget your sorrow,
Give today and save tomorrow,
Come out! Come out! Come out for
Prohibition!
Waste no more of wheat and barley,
Down with compromise and parley,
Come out! Come out! Come out for
Prohibition!

CHO.—We're out for Prohibition! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We're out for Prohibition! Yes, we're
out for Prohibition!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're out for
Prohibition!

2 Traitors' money take no longer,
License makes the evil stronger,
Come out! Come out! Come out for
Prohibition!
Don't you know from the beginning
There's one way to deal with sinning?
Come out! Come out! Come out for
Prohibition!

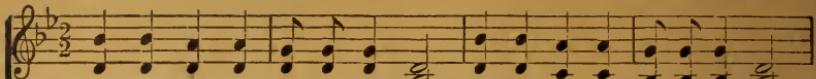
58 Temperance Doxology.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him who saves from deepest woe,
Praise Him who leads the Temperance host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Adam's Ale.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



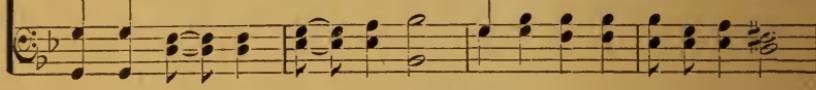
1. I don't like your bran-dy and beer, For it makes me feel mighty queer;
2. When the Lord in wis-dom made man—What a great and won-der-ful plan!
3. Not a drop of liq-uor for me, Nothing good in whis-ky I see;



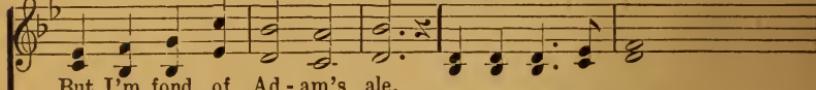
I'll not choose it, I'll re-fuse it, Pois-on-ous stuff and stale.
When he made the black man, white man, Ma-lay and In-di-an,
I'll dis-own it, I'll de-throne it, This great con-spir-a-cy;



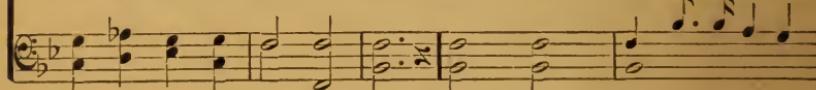
Whis-ky causes sorrow and woe Ev-'ry-where I hap-pen to go;
God ap-pointed his bill of fare, Not a gill of tod-dy was there,
For I've joined the army so grand, Who 'gainst Rum u-nit-ed-ly stand,



CHORUS.



But I'm fond of Ad-am's ale.
Noth-ing but pure Ad-am's ale. 'Tis the drink for you,
Till we drive him from our land. Ad-am's ale, 'tis the best drink,



'Tis the drink for me, I'm so fond of Ad-am's ale.
Ad-am's ale, 'tis the best drink, and so am I.

